

A SING OF AGE.

In your childhood days you worried
Over nothing, even rain.
And for nothing ever scurried
That some shelter you might gain.
All the weather prophet's errors
Were forgotten in a trice;
In the snow there were no terrors,
And you rather liked the ice.

Heat or cold did not distress you,
Or the changes e'er dimmy;
Nothing would at all impress you,
Just so long as you could play.
There were games for cold December;
There was sport for pleasant June,
And all seasons, you remember,
Brought to you some pleasing boon.

But, with passing years, you worry
Over every trifling change,
And from home to office hurry,
Grumbling o'er the climate's range;
Fearing heat that's due to-morrow,
And dissatisfied to-day;
Finding time to trouble borrow
O'er the things to come your way.

Just remember, sir, that whether
You complain of heat or cold,
When you growl about the weather
You are surely getting old.

A NEW PYGMALION

By JOSE GARCIA y MARCEL

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I.
"Well, there's one thing we must do together, Alice," said Mrs. Downs. "If your father and you have so positively arranged to leave Rome next Monday, I'm going to take you to see Gilbert Upton's studio. I have a half-hour in prospect with my dressmaker at three, and it's nearly three already. Now, you hurry on your things, and I'll tell you how we'll arrange it. I'll drive you to Upton's studio—it's on a ground floor, and open to the public, so you can go in freely. Then I'll hurry on to Mrs. Bona's—she'll keep me long—and join you again at the studio."

II.
"He's not here," remarked Mrs. Downs, who had alighted from the carriage for a moment in order to introduce her friend to the young sculptor. She raised the knocker a second time. "Well, the door's always open," she went on, pushing it ajar. "Visitors come and go so much that Mr. Upton never locks it. The old concierge is always about somewhere. Now, just wander around, Alice, and enjoy everything you see, and I'll be back in not over half an hour."

Miss Acton entered the large, dim, artistic apartment, and was soon absorbed in eager and admiring scrutiny. It was unquestionably true that this man's work had not been overpraised. Each separate work had meaning and interest, and showed a something within and beyond the white, cold marble and the dim clay.

In her tour of the apartment, she had come to a heavy, narrow portiere. Supposing that it merely hid some choice figure in a recess, she innocently pushed it aside. It proved to be the entrance to the sculptor's inner workshop. There was no one within, but the girl was abashed at her involuntary intrusion, and was about to drop the portiere precipitately, when—

What was this before her? Her own face chiseled in the marble? She paused in a shock of utter astonishment. There could be no possible mistake. The bust before her, in this sculptor's workshop in Rome, was herself. Even the details of arrangement of hair she recognized, after a moment, as her very own of three or four years before.

Forgetful of place, time, and all else, the bewildered visitor sat gazing at the face before her, and trying to puzzle out the mystery. She did not hear the outer door of the studio open; and so deep was her pained abstraction that not until the newcomer's masculine footsteps were al-



"His work is really wonderful," mused at her side and the portiere was lifted and she turned with a start. To Alice Acton, the new surprise was if possible greater than the one which held her. She sprang to her feet.

"Blair Lewes!" she exclaimed. "Alice!" he uttered, equally astounded; and he stood, his right hand holding aside the curtain.

"Are you?—was it?"—she began.

"Yes, I'm Gilbert Upton—as far as

Rome is concerned," said the other, recovering himself, and with an attempt at lightness.

"I don't understand," she said. "Well, after that affair at the bank, you know," he returned, "my own name was rather in the way. Those things get about even over here."

"And so, you—"

"So I began all over. Took a new name; came over to Rome; you know how I've always loved the chisel."

"I know," she murmured. "You ought never to have—"

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say? What can I say that is strong enough, unmistakable enough, without being hard and harsh?" She moved toward the doorway, and he instinctively held the curtain further aside to let her pass into the studio. "I don't want to discourage your new life work," she went on. "Your secret is safe with me. You are Gilbert Upton. I am glad if your life is a better one. But I am no part of it. I will not sanction your making me part of it—in thought or by image. To the face in there you have no right by consent of mine."

She paused at the studio's outer door.

"Will you please tell Mrs. Downs," she added, "that I could not stay?"

III.
As the wide door closed, leaving him alone, Blair Lewes made a sudden, half-dazed movement toward it, and then, dropping cowering into the nearest chair, hid his face in his hands.

Presently he rose, slowly and wearily. Going to the portiere, he lifted a heavy metal mallet that stood near, and with dogged, repeated blows shattered the bust into pieces.

WAS EVERYTHING TO HIM.

Whisky Not Alone Meant and Drink, But Washing and Lodging.

Mrs. John A. Logan, who has succeeded Miss Clara Barton in the presidency of the Red Cross, was educated in Kentucky.

In condemning intemperance Mrs. Logan said recently: "Alcohol vitiates the mind that the degradation it imposes on its victims hardly seems like degradation to them. The woes of these men are changed to blessings in their besotted brains."

"For instance," said Mrs. Logan, smiling, "there used to live in Kentucky an old man called Fawcett Jones. Fawcett drank to excess, and he used to declare that whisky was meat and drink to him. But one hot summer night he drank so much that he fell into a puddle on the way home, and in this puddle he lay snoring until dawn."

"A clergyman who had risen early found him with his head in the mud and his legs and body in the water, and the good man woke him up."

"Ah," he said, "so whisky is meat and drink to you, is it, Fawcett?"

"Fawcett rose to his feet and began to wring out his clothes."

"It certainly is," he said, and washing and lodging, too, sir."

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RAILROAD FROM CAPE TO CAIRO

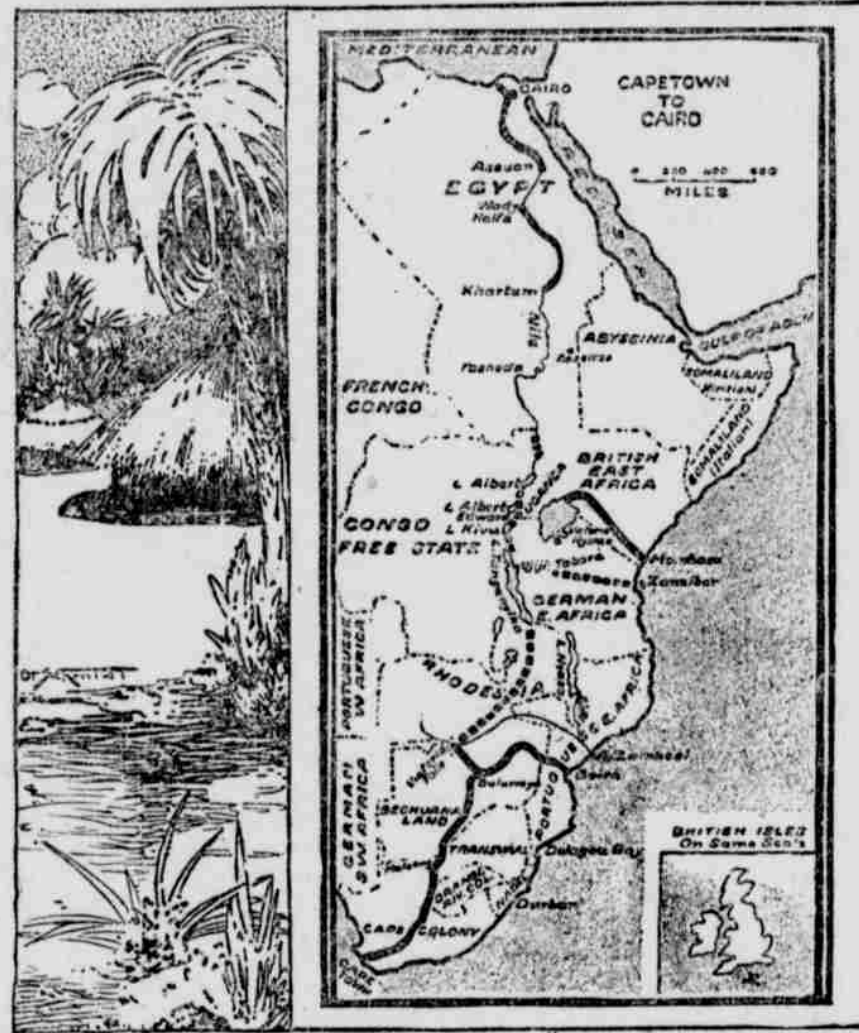
Pet Project of the Late Cecil Rhodes Rapidly Nearing a Reality—Tourist Tickets on Line Now Being Issued

Writing in 1900 to Ewart S. Grogan, a plucky young traveler who had just completed a journey from the Cape to Cairo, Cecil Rhodes said:

"Every one supposes that the railway is being built with the only object that a human being may be able to get in at Cairo and get out at Cape Town. That is, of course, ridiculous. The object is to cut Africa through the center, and the railway will pick up trade all along the route. The junctions to the East and West coasts which will occur in the future will be outlets for the traffic obtained along the route of the line as it passes through the center of Africa. At any rate, up to Bulawayo, where I am now, it has been a payable undertaking, and I still think it will continue to be so as we advance into the far interior. We propose now to go on and cross the Zambesi just below the Victoria Falls. I should like to have the spray of the water over the carriages."

If Cecil Rhodes were still alive he would see this last wish realized, for the railway from the south has been carried from Bulawayo through the Wankie coal fields to the edge of those wonderful falls, which are twice the height and more than double the width of the Falls of Niagara, while a bridge consisting of a single span of 500 feet is now being constructed over the gorge below the falls, and will be completed by the end of the year.

The bridge will have the distinction of being the highest in the world, the rail level being 420 feet above the



river, or fifty-five feet higher than the dome of St. Paul's. While the construction of the great span is in progress the rails for the extension northward will be conveyed across by aerial gear to avoid delay.

It was originally intended to carry the line from Bulawayo due north through the Mafungabusi coal district, crossing the Zambesi at the Kariba Gorge. It was found, however, that the country north of the Zambesi at this point offers immense difficulties for railway construction, and that the value of the coal deposits is not to be compared with that of the Wankie coal fields.

The certainty of a large tourist traffic if the line were carried to the Victoria Falls formed a further in-

ducement to choose the western route, and accordingly the line northward from Bulawayo was begun in May, 1901. Last year it reached Wankie, a distance of 200 miles, and the additional seventy-five miles to the Victoria Falls are being issued and among the visitors next year will be 250 members of the British Association, who have accepted the invitation of the British South African company to pay a visit to Niagara's rival.

Starting from the south, the railway is now completed from Cape Town to Victoria Falls, a distance of 1,635 miles, and a further stretch of 350 miles in a northeasterly direction to Broken Hill Mine, 100 miles beyond the Kafue river, will be begun at an early date, the contract having already been let. This section, which is to be completed by the end of March, 1905, will tap a district rich in copper, lead and zinc deposits, beyond which is a region with vast supplies of rubber. There will then remain only a section of 450 miles to complete the connection with Khartoum, at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, where the Chartered Company's way terminates. Survey work here is now in progress, and there is no doubt that within a few years this link will be made.

From this point onward, however, Rhodes' scheme has had to be modified as the nature of the country around the chain of lakes stretching from the Zambesi to the Nile came to be known. As Grogan pointed out, Lake Tanganyika is hemmed in by

A RIDE IN THE DEEP.

Boston Man Has Devised New Form of Entertainment.

Now there comes a Boston Jules Verne who grimly promises the amusement-loving public a rare "treat" in the way of entertainment. In truth, it would appear that the most fastidious could find no cause for complaint after trying this thing.

In brief, the affair is a sort of "shoot the chutes," except that the car in which the victims have paid to ride is wholly submerged in the water. To add to the excitement there is no top to the car boat, the theory being that



The Submarine Boat.

It will dash through the pond so fast that the water will not have time to get in on the occupants. The inventor promises to take the first ride in the thing if his wife will let him.

CURES WROUGHT BY MUSIC.

Notable Cases Where Sweet Sounds Were Beneficial.

From the days of Saul and David music has no doubt been the means of alleviating, if not actually curing, many serious cases of mental disease. Modern experience has proved this conclusively, and many instances may be quoted from ancient history.

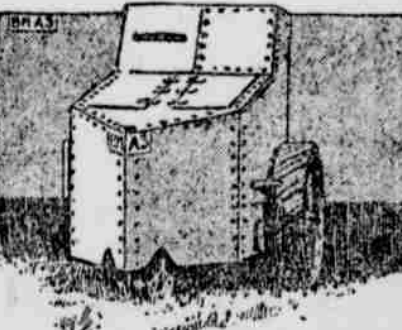
Pythagoras commended music in the treatment of the insane, and Thales, when a pestilence ravaged Sparta, found in music his most powerful means of combating it. Herodotus, too, held that even the bites of venomous reptiles were rendered less fatal by subjecting victims to the influence of melody.

When Philip of Spain was in a morbid and desponding condition, Farinelli, the vocalist, was sent for by the queen, with a party of musicians, to sing and play in the adjoining room. The effect was a speedy and rapid cure.

Both Buckman and Hafeland relate instances in which music has cured cases of St. Vitus' dance, and Becker and Schneider demonstrated practically its influence in different cases of hysteria.

Sir Henry Hallford has chronicled the case of a mad Yorkshireman who was restored to sanity by the use of the violin six weeks after its introduction.—Montreal Herald.

A First-Aid Motor.



It is a three-wheeled car, clad in bullet-proof steel. Closed it can travel at the rate of six miles an hour. When its wings are opened, as shown in the picture, it is a miniature steel fort.

Ancient British Stronghold for Sale.

Dunstanburg castle is about to be offered for sale by auction. It was first a British stronghold, then a Roman fortress, and at a much later period was garrisoned for Queen Margaret, after the battle of Hexham, when it was besieged and taken after an assault lasting three days. The legend of "Sir Guy, the Seeker," told in a ballad by M. G. Lewis, is connected with the castle. "Dunstan diamonds" are crystals found in the neighborhood. A deep chasm in the rock at the east of the castle is known as the "Rumie Churn." In rough weather the sea rushes in, and great clouds of spray are thrown up.—London Chronicle.

Women in Foot Races.

Recently women's footraces at Treptow, near Berlin, caused a great deal of interest. Two of the competitors boldly donned jerseys and knickerbockers, but the remainder ran in skirts. Several appeared on the track in high-heeled boots. A considerable number dropped from exhaustion within fifty yards of the starting point. One sprained her ankle, another fell and broke her arm and a third fainted from excitement before the signal was given to go. Most of the competitors appeared to be absolutely untrained.

Hen Hatches Out Hawk.

A hen near East Hampton, Conn., recently hatched out a red-tailed hawk from an egg which had been placed in her nest. The hen shows motherly affection for the hawk, but she may turn against it when she discovers its nature.